

your sight entirely, just yet; but it must come."

The minister tried to ask how long it would be before he should be blind; but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and he could only gasp.

Dr. Gordon understood, and answered kindly, that it might be a month, possibly two.

He stood up then to go. He knew all hope was over. He paid his fee and went out of the room—out of the house. It seemed to him that things had grown darker since he went in. He hardly knew how he found his way to the cars. It was two hours past his dinner time, and he was faint for lack of food, but he did not know it. He got to the station somehow, and waited till it was time for the train to start for Montclair. All the way over he kept whispering over to himself—"One month, possibly two," as if it was a lesson on the getting by heart of which his life depended. He heard the conductor call out "Montclair," at last, and got out of the cars mechanically. She had been standing there waiting for him. She had been anxious about him all day.

"O William!" she cried, and then she saw his face, and stopped. There was a look on it of one whom some awful doom is pending—a white, fixed look which chilled her. She took his arm, and they walked on silently through the summer afternoon. When they reached home, and she had taken off her bonnet, he at last spoke:

"Mary, come here and let me look at you. I want to learn your face by heart."

She came and knelt by him, while he took her cheeks between his hands, and studied every lineament.

"Are you going away?" she asked, after a while, for his fixed, silent mysterious gaze began to torture her.

"Yes, I am going—into the dark."

"To die?" she gasped.

"Yes, to die to everything that makes up a man's life in this world," he answered, bitterly. "Mary, I am going blind. Think what that means. After a few weeks more I shall never see you again, or our children, or this dear, beautiful world where we have lived and loved each other. The whole creation only an empty sound forever more. O God, how can I bear it!"

"Is there no hope?" she asked with a curious calmness, at which she herself was amazed.

"None. It was my errand to town to-day to find out. I have felt it coming on for months, but I hoped against hope, and now—I know. O Mary, to sit in the darkness until my death day, striving for a sight of your dear face, it is too bitter; and yet what am I saying?"

"Said my father not choose his own way to bring me to the light of heaven? I must say, I will say, I will be done."

Just then the children came running in—boyish, romping Will; shy, yet merry little May.

"Hush, dear," the mother said, softly. "papa is tired. You had better run out again."

"No, Mary, let them stay," Mr. Spencer interposed, and then he said so low that his wife's ears just caught the whisper—"I cannot see them too much in this little while—this little while."

O how the days went on after that!—Every day the world looked dimmer to the minister's darkened eyes. He spent almost all his time trying to fix the things he loved in his memory. It was painful to see him going round over each well known, well loved scene, noting anxiously just how those tree boughs stood out against the sky, or that hill climbed toward the sunset. He studied every little flower, every fern the children gathered; for all creation seemed to take for him a new beauty and worth. Most of all he studied the dear little ones. His wife grew used to his dim, wilful eyes following her so constantly; but the children wondered why papa liked to see them in the light, why he did not read or study any more.

There came a time at last, one Sunday morning, when the brilliant summer sunshine shone for him in vain.

"Is it a bright day, dear?" he asked, hearing his wife move about their room.

"Very bright, William."

"Open the blinds, please, and let the sun shine in at those east windows."

Mary Spencer's heart stood still within her, but she commanded her voice, and answered him steadily.

"They are open, William. The whole room is full of light."

"Mary, I cannot see it; the time has come, I am alone in the darkness."

"Not alone, my love," she cried in a passion of grief and pity and tenderness. Then she went and sat down beside him on the bed, and drew his head to her bosom, and comforted him, just as she was wont to comfort her children. After a time her tender caresses, her soothing tones seemed to have heated a little his bruised, tortured heart. He lifted up his head and kissed her—his first kiss from out the darkness in which he must abide, and then he sent her away. I think every soul, standing face to face with an untold calamity, longs to be for a space alone with his God.

Three hours after that he came, a bell rang, and, as usual, the minister and his wife walked out of their dwelling, save that now he leaned upon his arm. In that hour of seclusion, he had made up his mind what to do. They walked up the familiar aisle, and she left him at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and went back to her own pew in front. He groped up the stairs, and then, rising in his place, he spoke to the wondering congregation:

"Brethren, I stand before you as one on whom the Father's hand has fallen heavily. I am blind. I shall never see you again in this world—no, my children, for whom I have striven so long. I have looked my last on your kind, familiar faces on this earth; see to it that I miss none of you when my eyes are unseen again in heaven. God, O Father, that of these Thou has given me I may lose none."

There was not a tearful face among those which were lifted toward him, as he stood there, with his righteous eyes raised to heaven, his hands outstretched, as if to bring down on them the blessing for which he prayed.

Some of the women sobbed audibly, but the minister was calm. After a moment, he said:

"My brethren, as far as possible the services will proceed as usual."

Then, in a clear voice, in which there seemed to his listeners' ears one uncertainty, sweetness, he recited the 130th Psalm, commencing—

"O of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice."

Afterwards he gave out the first line of

a hymn, which the congregation sang. Then he prayed, and some said who heard him that the eyes closed on earth were surely beholding the beautiful vision, for he spoke as a son beloved, whose very soul was full of the glory of the Father's presence.

The sermon which followed was such as they had never before heard from his lips. There was in it a power, a fervor, a tenderness, which no words of mine can describe. It was the testimony of a living witness, who had found the Lord a very pleasant help in time of trouble.

When all was over, and he came down the pulpit stairs, his wife stood again at the foot, and he took her arm and went out silently. He seemed to the waiting congregation as one set apart and consecrated by the mounting of a special sorrow, and they dared not break the holy silence round him with common speech.

The next afternoon, a committee from the church went to the parsonage. Mrs. Spencer saw them coming and told her husband.

"It must be," he said, "to ask my advice in the choice of my successor."

"I should think they might have waited one day," she cried, with a woman's passionate impatience at any seeming forgetfulness of the claim given him by his years of faithful service.

The delegation had reached the door by that time, and the minister did not answer. She waited on the men into the study, and left them there; going about her usual task with a heart full of bitterness. It was natural, perhaps, that they should not want a blind minister, but to tell him so now, to make the very first pang of his sorrow sharper by their thoughtlessness, it was too much.

An hour passed before they went away and then she heard her husband's voice calling her, and went into his study prepared to sympathize with his sorrow she found him, with such a look of joy, and peace and thankfulness upon his face as she had never expected to see it wear again.

"Mary," he said, "there are some kind hearts in this world. My parish want me to stay with them, and insist on raising my salary a hundred dollars a year."

"Want you to stay with them," she cried, hardly understanding his words.

"Yes, I told them that I could not do them justice, but they would not listen; they believe that my very affliction will give me new power over the hearts of men, that I can do as much good as ever. They would not wait a day, you see, lest we should be anxious about our future."

"And I thought they were coming, in indecent haste, to give you notice to go," Mrs. Spencer cried, penitently.

"How I misjudged them! Shall I never learn Christian charity?"

So it was settled that the minister of Montclair should abide with his people.

For three years more his persuasive voice called them to choose the better way; and then his own summons came to go up higher. In those three years he had sown more seed reaped more harvest than some men in a life time. He did his work faithfully and was ready when the hour came for him to go home. Just at the last, when those who loved him best stood weeping round his bedside, they caught upon his face the radiance of a light not of this world. He put out his hands with a glad cry—"I see, I see! Out of the dark, into the light!"

And before they could look with awe and wonder into each other's eyes, the glory had begun to fade, the outstretched hands fell heavily, and they knew the blind minister was gone, "just night, past day," where for him there would be no more darkness.—*Watchman & Reflector.*

Vermont Daily Transcript.

ST. ALBANS, VT.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 25, 1868.

Republican Nominations



FOR PRESIDENT,

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

• VERMONT.

For Election at Large—GEORGE W. GRANT, of Vergennes; H. FARRAR, of St. Johnsbury.

For Election—Third District—GEORGE WILKINS, of Stowe.

Perpetual Motion.

The world is filled with humbugs, and the bigger the bug the greater the attraction. The "Woody Horse" has had his day, and Barnum's "two-legged fish" was long since forgotten, but "perpetual motion," the greatest humbug of them all, will continue forever.

Of the beginning of the explorations and researches to find it, history fails to make the record, and tradition runneth not back to the time, but the latest developments have been manifested in the present Session of the Franklin County Court, as appears in the case of *Kendall vs. Wilson*. The plaintiffs in the case purchased of defendant a "perpetual motion," agreeing to pay a certain sum, and did pay a portion of the amount as agreed; but, alas, the humbug—they discovered it, and not only refused to pay the balance, but brought a suit to recover even that which had been paid, and the jury, finding with the plaintiffs that the consideration was a fraud and humbug, brought in a verdict for the plaintiffs for \$251.46.

It seems to us very strange at this age

of the world's advancement, that any man could be found who should presume for a moment to believe that any machine can be constructed which will throw off greater power than it receives, and yet we find ourselves as often mistaken of men in this matter as in almost anything else. We understand perpetual motion to be that which possesses within itself the principle of motion, or motion which continues without the intervention of any external cause or force. Were it possible for man to repeal the laws of gravitation, and construct a machine to move without friction, then there might be some hope of obtaining the long sought for desideratum; but while the world remains as it is, and the same natural laws govern the Universe and the science of mechanics, we may look in vain for the advent of this machine.

Every little while we see items of news going the rounds of the papers, that Mr. Jones, or Mr. Somebody-else, has triumphed over Nature's laws, and all opposing forces, and has invented a perpetual motion. References are given to men of unimpeachable character who are willing to swear that the thing has been accomplished, but they might as well testify that the "moon is made of green cheese," or that they have seen a man lift himself over the fence with his bootstraps. Upon close examination the secret springs, or the winding apparatus is discovered. There is sure to be "nigger in the fence" somewhere. It is all a cheat. Mankind will never live long enough to invent a force; at best we can only discover those which have already existed from the foundation of the world, and make their application through mechanism to the purpose desired.

It is idle to suppose that a perpetual motion machine has been invented in his world, and we know that no such invention can be produced hereafter. Many men, however, have worked themselves into a disbelief in the laws of Nature, but these obstinate laws would not budge an inch at their bidding, and the temple of nonsense, which as been by them erected, falls upon them at length—their finances are crushed and their minds are led astray for all future time. It would have been better for all such to have acknowledged the truth at the outset; that no machine can expend greater mechanical power than it receives, that we are but mortals and can create no forces ourselves, and that the laws of nature will remain the same in spite of all our inventions. There is tangible business enough in the world for the profitable employment of all our strength, and faculties, in accordance with the natural and positive laws of the world, without meddling with that which alone belongs to our Creator.

In opposition, however, to our education and the teachings of our common schools, we presume this humbug will be transmitted to the end of time.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention.

It is stated that letters have been received at the headquarters of the Soldiers' and Sailors' National Executive Committee, from Ex-Gov. Charles Holden of New Jersey, A. W. Bradford, of Maryland, Frederick Smith, of New Hampshire, W. Dennison, of Ohio, Reuben E. Fenton, of New York, Ed. Solomon, of Wisconsin, Stephen Miller, of Minnesota, Geis. McCook, Crawford, Paine, Sicksles, Thayer, Farnsworth, Ferry, Cochran, Gregg, Torbert, and Alger, and the Hon. Henry Wilson, announcing their intention to attend the Soldiers' and Sailors' National Convention in Philadelphia, on the 1st and 2d prox.

The Union League of Philadelphia, will participate in the demonstration, and it is expected that the Union League of New-York will also be present. Every Northern State and nearly every Southern State is to be represented by large delegations. At least 200 will go from Washington. It is suggested that the delegations send some one a day or so in advance to make arrangements for quarters.

The executive committee of the Soldiers' and Sailors' of Massachusetts have issued a circular urging a good attendance from that State. They are making arrangements to secure transportation and subsistence at greatly reduced rates. Are our Vermont Soldiers making any arrangements to attend the great Philadelphia gathering? The Green Mountain State which sent so many brave boys to the battle-field should be well represented there.

Triennial General Convention.—The Triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States will meet in New York, October 7th, for the first time since 1859. All the states will be represented. Business of unusual importance is expected to come before the convention.

A telegram from Montreal dated the 23d says that an attempt was made the night previous to upset the Grand Trunk train going west, with a view, it is supposed, of killing Mr. O'Reilly, Crown Counsel in the Whalen case, who was on board. Ties were placed on the track but the down freight train struck them first. One or two cars were badly damaged.

Political.

The *Ohio State Journal* predicts that Robert T. Lincoln will be a Republican Member of Congress from Chicago within five years.

The entire Democratic ticket was elected by a large majority at the charter election in Orangeburg, S. C., on the 16th inst. Fully one-half the blacks voted the Democratic ticket. The election passed off without a single disturbance. The Town Marshal was the only police officer on the ground, and there was no occasion for his services.

The citizens of Minnesota are to vote on the question of negro suffrage at the election in November. The vote is to be on the same ballot as the general ticket.

Col. Thomas Swan, of Charlestown, West Virginia, an eminent lawyer, and formerly a Colonel in the rebel army under the command of Gen. Floyd, is now stamping the State of West Virginia for Grant and Colfax.

The *Zanesville (Ohio) Courier* says:—"Chief Justice Chase has written a letter to a friend in this city, in which he strongly urges the claims of Grant and Colfax, and avows himself warmly in favor of their election."

A private letter received from a Kentuckian by a gentleman of New York city says: "Very many people here are buying Confederate bonds at 10c on the \$1, in anticipation of the election of Seymour and Blair, in which event they believe the bonds will be at par, or at least a value approaching par!"

Robbery and Murder.

WINTER GARDEN, Pa., Sept. 25.

The Brainard House at this place was robbed this morning. Mr. Thomas Brodhead, proprietor, and his brother Theodore, started in pursuit of the robbers and came upon them on the carriage road about fifty yards south of this place. Mr. Thomas Brodhead took hold of one of them and ordered him back and appeared willing to go. The other stepped about ten feet away and drew a revolver when the first said "shoot him down." He immediately fired two shots, wounding Mr. Thomas Brodhead in the face and left side when Mr. Theodore Brodhead came up, grappled with them and received a shot through the body which killed him instantly. Before leaving, the murderers pounded Mr. Thomas Brodhead on the head with stones. The murderers are supposed to be Irish, and to have hidden in the woods.

The murderers were captured at 1 o'clock this afternoon about one mile west of this place. They were recognized as the guilty parties, and the excitement was great. Sheriff Henry had all he could do to prevent their being lynched. At 2 o'clock they started with the prisoners to lodge them in the Stroudsburg Jail, accompanied by a large party of armed men. Thomas Brodhead will probably recover.

Suicide Discharged.—John H. Surratt was discharged from custody by Judge Wylie of the Criminal Court on Thursday. Before judgment was rendered the Judge made a short statement of the case and closed as follows:

I feel also constrained to dispose of the case upon a decision of Judge Holt. An officer was charged with crime and demanded an investigation. The President referred the question to Mr. Holt. The latter reported against the inquiry because the offence had been committed more than two years before, even though the officer waived the privilege of the statute. The only way the prosecuting officer can avoid such mistakes is in taking great care in preparing indictments. One of the counsel have spoken of there being no precedent compelling the District Attorney to anticipate objections under the statute of limitations in framing indictments. Now the reason of his in England is that the common law declared there was no time for the King, and suits brought by the King were subject to no limitation. In this country the theory does not hold. Under all these considerations I therefore feel constrained to decline upon the whole record, and accordingly judgment is for the defendant.

Special Notices.

Missisquoi Springs.

ENOSBURG, Aug. 29, 1868.

For a long time I had been afflicted with a very serious disease of the Kidneys. I was not able to turn over in bed without help, and it was thought by all my friends that I never should recover. All medical treatment had been without effect. The disease was complicated by a serious affection. I tried every remedy, used the water of Mineral Springs elsewhere without avail. The Missisquoi Spring water tried by me in 1866, and I continued its use for several months, till I entirely recovered and am now in better health than ever before. I consider this water a specific for Kidney and Rheumatic complaints. It has been so in my case.

ALANSON SAMSON.

VALLEY HOUSE.

Franklin Co., Vt., Aug. 17, '68.

I have been afflicted with Catarrh for three or four years. In February last I had it very severely. In April commenced the use of the Missisquoi water. The discharge was very heavy and troublesome, but continued to lessen until today I am entirely well. The many remedies I had taken under the best medical advice had proved unavailing, and I owe it to others similarly afflicted, to state that the Missisquoi water has been, in my case, the only effective means of cure.

CHARLES SMITH.

Northampton, Mass.

Twenty-five Years Practice.

In the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females, has placed Dr. Dow at the head of all the physicians making such practice a specialty, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements, from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Endicott Street, Boston.

N. B. Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment.

Boston, July, 1868.

226 Ives' ad

Female Strengthening Cordial.

A Specific Remedy for the Diseases of the Reproductive Organs.

It imparts tone and vigor to the Uterus, and gives renewed vitality to the whole system. All cases of Debility peculiar to Females will find a sovereign remedy in this compound. Prepared at the New England Botanic Depot, Boston.

One dollar per bottle. Five dollars for six bottles. 217-ly

The American Cooking Stove in Court.

A Tan adjourned term of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York, in the second circuit held at the City Hall, in the city of Albany, the 25th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1868.

PRESENT: The Hon. NATHAN K. HALL, Judge.

JACOB H. SHEAR & JOSEPH PACKARD, Jr. In Equity.

Geo. B. BULL & JOHN M. ROCKWELL, et al.

It is further ordered, adjudged and decreed, that a perpetual injunction be issued in this suit against the defendants, restraining them from further infringement of said Patent, No. 51,406, Dated Dec. 8th, 1865, for improvements in cooking stoves, pursuant to and in accordance with the prayer of the Bill of Complaint.

Signed A. A. BOWEN, Clerk.

The above was the basis of an injunction of the Patent securing the manner of fitting the ash pan in the hearth of the American Cooking Stove, and for the combination of the heated ash pan. We have repeatedly cautioned the public against selling or using stoves with these improvements not manufactured by us. All persons now selling or using stoves with these improvements in violation of the above injunction, without license from us, will be held to fine and imprisonment. SHEAR, PACKARD & CO., 205-30th.

Albany, N. Y.

FOR SALE BY D. M. WALKER.

ADDRESS

To the Nervous & Debilitated.

WHOSE sufferings have been protracted from high nervousness, and whose cases require prompt treatment to render existence desirable: If you are suffering or have suffered, from insomniac discharges, what effect does it produce upon your general health? Do you feel weak, debilitated, easily tired? Does a little extra exertion produce palpitation of the heart? Does your liver, or urinary organs, or your kidneys, frequently get out of order? Is your urine sometimes thick, milky, or bloody, or is itropy or settling? Or does a thick serum rise on the top? Or is a sediment at the bottom after it has stood awhile? Do you have spells of short breathing or dyspnoea? Are your bowels constipated? Do you have spells of fainting, or rushes of blood to the head, or start or jump? Is your sleep broken or restless? Is the taste of your mouth as brilliant? The bloom on your cheeks as bright? Do you enjoy yourself in society as well? Do you pursue your business with the same energy? Do you feel as much confidence in yourself? Are your spirits dull and flagging, given to fits of melancholy? If so, do not let it to your liver or dyspepsia. Have your restless nights? Your lack weak, your knees weak, and have but little appetite, and you attribute this to dyspepsia or liver-complaint?

Now, reader, self abuse, venereal diseases, bad diet, and sexual excesses, are all capable of producing a weakness of the generative organs. The organs of generation, when in perfect health, impart to the male, did you ever think that those bold, defiant, energetic, persevering, successful business men are always those whose generative organs are in perfect health? You never hear such men complain of being melancholy, of nervousness, of palpitation of the heart. They are never afraid they cannot succeed in business; they do not become sad and discouraged; they are always polite and pleasant in the company of ladies, and look you and them right in the face—none of your downcast looks or any other meanness about them. I do not mean those inflated by running to excess. These will not only ruin their constitutions, but also those they do business with or for.

How many men, from badly cured diseases, from the effects of self-abuse and excesses, have brought about that state of weakness in those organs that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease—insanity, epilepsy, paralysis, spinal affections, suicide, and almost every other form of disease which humanity is heir to, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever suspected, and have died for all but the right one.

Diseases of these organs require the use of a Bismuth, HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU is the great Diuretic, and is a certain cure for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Organic Weakness, Female Complaints, General Debility, and all diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in the male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing.

If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our flesh and bones are supported from these sources, and the health and vigour, and that of the spirit, depend upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu, established upwards of 18 years, prepared by H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 294 New York, and 104 South 4th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$6.50, delivered to any address. Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

None are Genuine unless done up in steel, engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed H. T. HELMBOLD.

226

H. T. HELMBOLD.

Health, Luxury, and Economy,

MAY BE SECURED BY HAVING YOUR

FEATHER BEDS RENOVATED.

THIS is done by a Steam Process, patented Aug. 6th, 1867, and not only cleans, then cleans and wholesome, which prevents sickness, but relieves each fibre from its matted condition, increasing the bulk of the bed oftentimes one-half, thereby rendering them more luxurious. In fact it is everything essential to old or new

FEATHER BEDS.

Destroying all moths, or liability to them, removing all disagreeable scent, (common among new feathers,) and all gummy and glutinous substance from the quilt, thereby preserving them from the effects of long usage.

We would, therefore, say to the citizens of this place that we are among them for a few days, to render them an essential benefit. Our facilities are such that, upon being ordered to do so, we can take and return beds the same day, well renovated and ready for immediate use, for \$2 per bed, including pillow and bolster, if suitable to run with the bed.

Now give us your best or poorest, new or old, provided they are Goose or Duck feathers. We warrant satisfaction or make no charge.

County and Town Rights for sale.

BRIERLY, EVANS, & CO.

Work done over J. P. Stone's Store, Main Street, St. Albans, Vt.

WANTED.—An Agent to make a thorough canvass of Franklin County in behalf of that old and reliable Life Insurance Company,

The Phoenix Mutual, of Hartford

Conn. Liberal terms to an active, energetic man. Address, N. G. AXTELL,

Peru, Clinton Co., N. Y.

General Agent for Northern New York and Vt. mont. 207-ly

CANCER, SCROFULA, DYSPENSIA, LIVER & COMPLAIN, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c., cured. A Book of 100 pages, sent free to invalids. Address R. GREENE, M. D., 10 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

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NEW FIRM

AND

NEW GOODS!

AT

The Old Clothing Stand

NO. 2, DARROW BLOCK,

Med. SMITH & CO

Have to state that, by virt recent changes made at No. 2 Darrow Block, they are prepared to offer to the public a stock of

Ready Made Clothing

and